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Distant the day, oh! distant far,
When the rude hordes of trampling War
Shall scare the silent vale;
And where,
Now the sweet heaven, when day doth leave
The air,
Limns its soft rose-hews on the vale of Eve,
Shall the fierce war-brand tossing in the gale,
From town and hamlet shake the horrid glare!

VIII.

Now its destined task fulfilled,
Asunder break the prison-mould;
Let the goodly Bell we build,
Eye and heart alike behold.
The hammer down heave,
Till the cover it cleave:—
For noi till we shatter the wall of its cell
Can we lift from its darkness and bondage the Bell.
To break the mould the Master may,
If skilled the hand and ripe the hour;
But woe, when on its fiery way
The metal seeks itself to pour.
Frantic and blind, with thunder-knell,
Exploding from its shattered home,
And glaring forth, as from a hell,
Behold the red Destruction come
When rages strength that has no reason,
There breaks the mould before the season;
When numbers burst what bound before,
Woe to the State that thrives no more!
Yea, woe when in the city's heart,
The latent spark to flame is blown;
And from their thrall the Millions start,
No leader but their rage to own
Discordant howls the warning Bell,
Proclaiming discord wide and far,
And, borne but things of peace to tell,
Becomes the ghastliest voice of war:
"Freedom! Equality!"—to blood,
Rush the roused people at the sound!
Through street, hall, palace, roars the flood,
And banded murder closes round!
The hyæna-shapes (that women were!)
Jest with the horrors they survey;
From human breasts the hearts they tear—
As panthers rend their prey!
Naught rests to hallow;—burst the ties
Of Shame's religious, noble awe;
Before the Vice the Virtue flies,
And Universal Crime is Law!
Man fears the lion's kingly tread;
Man fears the tiger's fangs of terror;
But Man himself is most to dread,
When mad with social error.
No torch, though lit from Heaven, illumines
The Blind!—Why place it in his hand?
It lights not *him*—it but consumes
The City and the Land!

IX.

Rejoice and laud the prospering skies!
The kernel bursts its husks—behold
From the dull clay the metal rise.
Pure-shining, as a star of gold!
Rim and crown glitter bright,
Like the sun's flash of light,
And even the scutcheon, clear-graven, shall tell
That the art of a master has fashioned the Bell!

Come in—come in,
My merry men—we'll form a ring,
The new-born labor christening;
And "Concord" we will name her!—
To union may her heartfelt call
In brother-love attune us all!
May she the destined glory win

For which the Master sought to frame her—
Aloft—(all earth's existence under),
In blue-pavilioned heaven afar
To dwell—the Neighbor of the Thunder,
The Borderer of the Star;
Be hers above a voice to raise
Like those bright hosts in yonder sphere
Who, while they move, their maker praise
And lead around the wreathed year.
To solemn and eternal things
We dedicate her lips sublime,
As hourly, calmly, on she swings,
Touching, with every movement, Time!
No pulse—no heart—no feeling hers,
She lends the warning voice to Fate;
And still companions, while she stirs,
The changes of the Human State!
So may she teach us, as her tone,
But now so mighty, melts away—
That earth no life which earth has known
From the last silence can delay.

Slowly now the cords upheave her
From her earth-grave soars the Bell;
Mid the airs of Heaven we leave her,
In the Music-Realm to dwell.

Up—upward—yet raise—
She has risen—she sways.
Fair Bell, to our city bode joy and increase;
And oh, may thy first sound be hallowed to—PEACE

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

By Samuel M. Smucker, LL. D.

Author of "History of the Four Georges," "Court and Reign of Catherine II.," &c., &c.



HERE are various degrees in art as there are schools or grades in poetry. Among the different kinds of poetic effusion there is an ascending scale, from the simple pastoral to the aspiring epic. *Epic* poetry is justly regarded as the noblest and most difficult achievement of the muse. The reason of this estimate doubtless is, because, in the production of a great epic, the highest faculties of the human mind are exercised, and the loftiest emotions of the heart are excited. An *Epic* poem is the appropriate theatre for the display of all that is vast and glorious in conception; of all that is overpowering and terrific in action and expression; while the most impressive imagery and machinery, summoned from heaven, earth, and hell, are in appropriate keeping. Hence the best single standards by which such poems are estimated are their grandeur and sublimity; and he who possesses most of these characteristics, whatever may be his other merits or defects, ascends at once to the highest seat in the temple of poetic glory. The same remarks may be made in reference to supremacy in the arts. How-

ever difficult and admirable other merits may be, he whose works display most of the sublime and stupendous is marked as the greatest of artists. The portraying of the softer passions, the arts of designing, of coloring, of perspective, elegance of touch, and sweetness of expression, can only be displayed, in their perfection, by high genius; but genius higher still is demanded to execute that which is truly sublime, and which produces in the beholder the emotion of *elevation* in the highest degree.

No man that ever lived exhibited so much grandeur and sublimity in his conception, or in his execution; no artist so overpowers the senses of feebler men, by the magnitude and magnificence, the rugged strength and awful grandeur of his thoughts, as does Michael Angelo. And when he carries this element of sublimity so successfully into every department of art alike, and with such equal ease, he is with justice regarded as the King of artists; as the peerless Jupiter who sits upon the artistic throne, surrounded by noble gods of less degree; and who brings down his Olympian splendors to this little earth in all their native magnitude of proportions.

During the pontificate of Leo X., the productions of Michael Angelo were few and inferior in importance to those of any other period of his public life. It was a most unfortunate event, that the powers of this great man seem to have been impeded and obstructed by the very pontiff, from whom he had every reason to anticipate the most efficient and munificent patronage. But sufficient causes can be assigned for this unfortunate circumstance, which clearly throw the blame on Leo; and which prove, that though he loved art and artists, it was chiefly for his own glory and aggrandizement; and that when any cause interfered with the attainment of this end, he could sacrifice the good of art and of mankind to his own petty ambition. It is a lasting stigma on the life and history of Leo, that he was the means of wasting some of the most precious years of Michael Angelo's life, in superintending the quarrying of marble, in order thus to aggrandize the territory of Florence; instead of throwing around him favorable circumstances whereby to exercise his divine faculties, in such productions as would have been an honor to himself, to his country, and to his race.

At an early age this great artist, who

was descended from a noble family, exhibited undoubted marks of genius. His father, Ludovico, accordingly sent him to the best schools of his native Florence, to prepare him for one of the learned professions. But he soon wearied of the dry routine of study, and was powerfully attracted by painting and drawing, and soon attached himself to several young students of those arts in that city. He was much encouraged by the aid of Granacci, who himself became a distinguished painter. At fourteen years of age he was placed under the care of Ghirlandaio, the most celebrated artist of the time in Italy. With this worthy instructor he remained some years. There was something particularly attractive in his disposition to Michael Angelo; for, contrary to the prevailing custom among Italian artists, there was nothing envious in his nature, and he rejoiced as much in the deserved success of his pupil as in his own. They executed many works in common; and by the confession of Ghirlandaio, not only did Michael Angelo rapidly excel all his fellow-students, but had at last attained a degree of skill and excellence which were equal to his own. His illustrious scholar ever took the greatest pleasure in acknowledging the merits, both personal and artistic, of his worthy instructor.

At this period, the art of sculpture was inferior in Florence to that of painting; and Lorenzo, the Magnificent, resolved to open a garden near his palace, filled with antique sculptures and works of interest, and invite the Florentine artists to use it in the furtherance of their skill in that department. Michael Angelo and his friends immediately embraced the opportunity, and devoted their energies in that direction. His first attempt was to make a copy of an antique fawn, which he chose as his model. This was executed with such skill, and even with such evident improvement upon the original, that the admiration of Lorenzo was extreme; and he resolved to take the youthful artist under his own roof, and extend to him his special patronage. The palace of this prince presented much to interest and improve him. His private collection of medals, gems, and remains of ancient art of every description, was rich and valuable; and Michael Angelo enjoyed everything which the taste as well as the munificence of his patron could bestow.

The death of Lorenzo, in 1492, deprived him of the assistance of this valued friend.

Yet under the administration of Piero, his son, Michael Angelo seems to have remained in the palace of the family, and to have secured as much favor as the total want of any culture in Piero himself allowed him to bestow. He boasted that in his palace he had two living wonders, Michael Angelo, a great painter, and a Spanish footman, who, besides his beauty of person, was so swift of foot as to outrun his own favorite steed in a race; and the latter of these seems to have enjoyed as much of his consideration as the former.

At length the unworthy Piero and his family were banished from Florence. Michael Angelo and his friends fled for safety to Bologna. Here he became the favorite of a Bolognese gentleman, at whose request he executed several distinguished works, and in whose palace he resided. Yet, after a year, the affairs of Florence being again tranquillized, though under another form of government, he returned to his native city, and to his father's house. He now devoted himself with ardor to his profession. His first works were an infant St. John sleeping, and a Cupid. These aided to extend his reputation. His Cupid, indeed, was a work of such masterly skill that it was sold as an antique by a friend of Michael Angelo, to Cardinal St. Giorgio, for an immense amount; nor would the secret have been detected, but that an individual who was privy to the imposition divulged it. As soon as the Cardinal was satisfied as to the real author, he immediately invited Michael Angelo to Rome; and though his patronage was in the end of little account, yet the residence of the artist at the capital of the Christian world was of great service to him. He here executed some celebrated works, which secured him, even at that early age, a place among the first sculptors of Italy. He also employed this period in carefully examining the remains of ancient as well as the productions of modern art, which Rome possessed, and which indeed were of rare interest.

The government of Florence being again organized under Pietro Goderini as Gonfalonier, Michael Angelo once more returned to that city. His first work was achieved under singular and unfavorable circumstances; but they justly augmented the glory of his success. An immense block of marble had lain for a hundred years in Florence, which the unskilfulness of some previous artist was supposed to have spoiled for every subsequent pur-

pose. The gonfalonier requested Angelo to turn it, if possible, to some good account. With consummate skill, he calculated the attitude and proportions of the misshapen mass; and at length produced from it the magnificent statue of David, which to this day is one of the noblest ornaments of Florence. The difficult circumstances under which this work was performed, and its unrivalled excellence when completed, justly made the artist still more illustrious, and added an interest to the work which it might never otherwise have possessed.

But immediately after this achievement in sculpture, Michael Angelo was called to turn his attention and devote his skill to a great work in painting; and he was equally successful in this sister art. At this period, no other painter equalled the celebrity which Michael Angelo had already attained, except the aged and distinguished Leonardo Da Vinci, the author of the painting of the Last Supper. He now arrived at Florence, and the chief magistrate employed him and Angelo to paint the two ends of the hall in the Ducal palace, each with a subject of his own choice. The subject chosen by Da Vinci was a battle of cavalry, which he executed with great ability, and which gave him an admirable opportunity to display his knowledge of the anatomy of the horse, in which he excelled. Angelo chose as his theme an event in the war between the Florentines and Pisans, in which the Florentine soldiers, when bathing in the Arno, are suddenly surprised by the alarm of an attack, in their defenceless condition. The dismay, the eagerness, the excitement, the hurried dressing and the arming of the troops, were all to be represented at the same instant.

The novelty of the subject and the known ability of the artist gave his attempt great interest, and its completion was looked for with impatience. At length, when the palace was thrown open for public inspection, every beholder was astonished and delighted. The various figures in the painting were represented with great power, in dressing, in putting on their armor, in defying the foe, in encouraging their companions, and in joining the irregularly formed line of battle. The complete success of the piece received universal commendation; and the most eminent artists who afterward studied it, such as Raphael, Granacci, and Sangallo, pronounced it an unrivalled production.

At length the warlike Julius II. ascended the papal throne. He immediately invited to Rome many of the most distinguished artists then living. Among the rest he gave such ample encouragement to Michael Angelo, that although averse to change, he once more deserted Florence, and removed to Rome. Julius wished to repose, when dead, in a magnificent mausoleum; and accordingly gave Angelo a commission to prepare to make such a structure. Its magnificence was to compare with the great genius of the artist, and with the high rank and celebrity of him who was to occupy it. The plan adopted by Angelo was a parallelogram, the superstructure of which was to be composed of forty statues, in addition to many basso-relievos, and other appropriate decorations. The design, indeed, as sketched by Angelo, was stupendous and worthy of his genius; but when, after it had received the pontiff's approval, he went to St. Peter's church to ascertain an appropriate spot to place it, the dimensions of the church were found to be entirely too small to admit any such structure. Julius II. was not accustomed to yield in any of his purposes to anything. Accordingly, instead of resigning his ambitious plan in consequence of this difficulty, he immediately resolved that the old church should be removed, and a more magnificent temple be erected in its place. This was the origin of the present church of St. Peter.

It may be affirmed with truth, that Angelo was the great commanding genius in art in the sixteenth century. He found sculpture in its infancy, and left it in its meridian splendor. He found the art of painting scarcely advanced beyond the simple and rude forms of Cimabue and Giotto: and he left it, after it had achieved triumphs which the world will never surpass; and, after having not only done wonders himself, but served as the model and guide to the transcendent conceptions and genius of Raphael. He found architecture in a youthful and undeveloped state; and before he left it, he reared for himself, in the matchless dome of St. Peter's, an immortal monument of his genius, which succeeding ages will scarcely excel. Although he chose to exhibit his great powers chiefly in the designs of his paintings, paying little attention to the lesser merits of finishing, coloring, and the finesse of execution; his supremacy in all was apparent.

There never lived an artist whose knowledge of anatomy was so wonderfully displayed, or who delineated so perfectly the form and movements of the muscles, and the general structure of the human frame. Florence and Rome alike owe to him their supremacy in art, as well as their noblest ornaments. The dome of St. Peter's rises loftily above the earth, and alone, of all human structures, seems to emulate the mightier dome of heaven. His frescoes on the walls of the Vatican, stand forth like living beings from the spirit land, as well as moving inhabitants of the lower world. His sculptures, uniting the finish and expression of the works of Phidias in the Parthenon, with the greater size and superior dignity of Scriptural personages, seem the product of more than human power. The imagination of Angelo, like that of one of his chief favorites, Dante, delighted in the expression of vehement passion, of high and desperate resolve, of fearless valor, of horrid suffering, and stupendous energy.

Angelo's statue of Moses, one of his first productions, exhibits the best elements of his genius. It is in the church of *St. Peter in Vinculis*, so called from the fact that the chains of St. Peter are supposed to be preserved there. Power and thought are stamped upon its countenance. An intellectual sweetness at the same time lights it up with a potent charm. The long and thick beard indicates vigor and energy, the large eye is expressive of fire and emotion. The figure is seated, and one foot is drawn back as if in the act of rising; while the commanding air of the whole work gives it grandeur, sublimity, and effect. It is, indeed, a worthy representation of the author of the Pentateuch, the lawgiver of the Jews; and carries us back with great power to Eastern climes and remote ages, to the period when he lived and acted his great part in the world.

Angelo's statue of David was another colossal and majestic work. It is sixteen feet and six inches high. It was made at the request of the governor of Florence, and we are told that when he first saw Angelo's work, he pretended to think that the nose was too large. It was vain to reason him out of his opinion; and accordingly Angelo, snatching up a chisel in one hand and some marble-dust in the other, pretended to diminish the surface of the feature, letting the dust fall during the process of apparent reduction. The

magistrate at once confessed the improvement thus made in accordance with his judgment, and then pronounced the work perfect.

The Mausoleum of Julius II. contains several of Angelo's best sculptures, although they were not permitted to remain in their original location, but have been carried elsewhere. Three figures of slaves which surrounded the base of the monument, were, with those of Morning and Night, executed with great skill. The figure of the prophet Jeremiah was intended to adorn the same structure, but was afterward placed in the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Angelo made a Christ taken down from the Cross, which was his last work in sculpture, and was never finished. It was executed for the Cathedral of Florence. It is a work of great merit and skill. Besides these, Angelo made several monuments and statues for Lorenzo and Giuliano de Medici; also representations of the Madonna; figures of Bacchus, of Virtue, of Prudence, and of Religion. The Bacchus is an endeavor to combine in one and the same figure the ideas of Divinity and Drunkenness—a singular and very difficult task! But as he succeeded with his usual power, the result is, that the god is disgraced, while the inebriate is not redeemed from contempt by the influence of his divinity. Angelo attempted to restore the wanting arm of the Laocoon; but in consequence of a defect in the material, or some other cause, he was unable to satisfy himself, and desisted. It certainly furnishes a remarkable evidence of the superiority and splendor of ancient art, when the greatest genius of modern times found such difficulty in realizing the degree of perfection which this old and mutilated fragment exhibited.

The merits of Michael Angelo's paintings, when compared with those of Raphael, may be thus stated: he had not, perhaps, as many excellent qualities as the latter, but those which he did possess were of a higher order. Angelo painted the Conversion of St. Paul in the highest style of historical painting, and with his peculiar attribute very striking and distinct. He also produced the Crucifixion of St. Peter, of similar style and merits. His Jupiter and Leda is a most beautiful and majestic work; the masculine divinity of the one, and the feminine sweetness of the other, are represented with immense power and skill.

But the greatest achievements of Michael Angelo, in painting, are those stupendous works which he executed in the Sistine Chapel. In them, the grandeur of his soul was exhibited to the best advantage, as well as his peculiar artistic traits, and his skill in anatomy and the mechanical part of his art. The figures of these productions have characteristics peculiar to themselves in their unusual size, as well as the extraordinary ability which they display. In them, the imagery of primeval simplicity and power in man are most wonderfully exhibited; we have the creative energies of God displayed in colors and forms which astonish and overwhelm the beholder; we see the mighty waters of the Deluge submerging a rebellious world; the primitive lives and events of the patriarchs; the many stirring and striking scenes connected with the journey of the Israelites in the desert; the mighty Goliath vanquished by the youthful and pious David; and even the magnificence of the Last Judgment; closing, with events of the most stupendous interest and splendor, the drama of this world's history.

The last of these paintings in the Sistine Chapel was the Final Judgment. This, indeed, was executed thirty years after the others. The admiration which it then received was unbounded and has continued without diminution till the present time. It marks the mighty genius of Angelo when in its maturity and self-possessed power. The great assemblages of figures, the variety of passions, of attitudes, and of movements, are executed with an ability which was only his own; while the subject gave a fit opportunity for displaying those peculiar traits of terror and of grandeur in which he had no rival. The historians of art tell us an amusing incident respecting this painting, in which many figures are represented in an almost nude state. The pope's master of ceremonies, when viewing it with the pontiff, declared it more fit for the chamber of a prostitute than for the chapel of his Holiness. This criticism reaching Michael Angelo, he introduced the master of ceremonies into the picture with an ass's ears, and representing him performing the duties of his office among the damned. Stung to the quick by the artist's revenge, he requested the pope to have his likeness removed and Angelo's inserted. His Holiness replied, with as much force as wit, that had Angelo placed him in Purgatory, it might

be done; but as he was painted among the lost, from hell *Nulla est redemptio*; and the portrait of the master of ceremonies remained.

Michael Angelo may be regarded as the chief architect of St. Peter's. The most remarkable and praiseworthy attributes of it—both its general structure, proportions, and the plan and conception of the dome—all are his. The life of one man could not suffice to execute such a work; but the sublime conceptions, the accurate models, and the harmonious plans, are all which one person could possibly achieve. That there are some minor defects in this edifice, is conceded by all just critics; but we should not expect absolute perfection in any human work, however sublime. Yet, these are chiefly owing to those departures from the designs of Angelo, of which some of his successors were guilty.

The distinguished historian, Count Stolberg, with truth declares that "this temple is the largest and most magnificent on earth; the square before it is worthy of the temple, the temple of the square; each, in its kind, the most magnificent in the world." As the temple of Diana at Ephesus was the wonder of the ancient world, so is St. Peter's the marvel of the modern; respecting which the author of *Childe Harold* has well said:

"The vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's temple was a cell."

In whatever direction the pilgrim from distant lands approaches Rome, the first object which strikes his attention is this sublime structure, towering into the azure vault of heaven. It seems to be the central monument of the world, before whose superior glory every other achievement of the art must yield. From the distant Apennines on the east, as from the Mediterranean wave upon the west, it is alike visible; while even the seven hills of ancient Rome, which lie around it, are scarcely perceptible. It seems to reign in silent and solemn majesty over that immense city of mingled palaces and trophies, relics and ruins, which stretch far away around it; and it looks down upon the scenes of some of the most memorable events which have occurred during the lapse of thousands of years. Its solitary greatness and its beauty make it the worthy associate and survivor of the immense Coliseum; of the once triumphal but now crumbling Arches of Constantine,

of Severus, and of Titus; of the Roman Forum, the Pantheon, the Palace of the Cæsars, the Circus of Romulus, and of all the memorable remains of a mighty empire and people which have passed away.

Having taken this more distant survey, if the building is subjected to a closer view, the effect produced upon the mind will be heightened. Entering the piazza in which it stands, its clusters of exquisite columns, and its gushing fountains, which appear so fresh, so free, and so beautiful, will convince the beholder that the entrance or precincts of the temple are worthy of it. An Egyptian obelisk, which once adorned the centre of the circus of Nero, now stands in the centre of this piazza. The basins of the fountains are thirty feet in diameter, while two smaller basins are raised above the lowest, reaching the height of fifty feet, from the highest of which the jet of water ascends seventy feet from the pavement. To form an idea of the size of the structure it is to be remembered, that the entire length of the building from the outside of the portico to the west end, including the thickness of the walls, is 680 feet, while St. Paul's in London is only 500 feet. The length of the cross aisle or transept in St. Peter's is 450 feet, while that of St. Paul's is 223 feet. The diameter of the dome of St. Peter's is 140 feet, while St. Paul's is 108 feet. The height of St. Peter's from the pavement to the summit of the lantern is 464 feet, that of St. Paul's is 330 feet. The distance or length of the colonnades of the piazza is 900 feet, which, when added to the dimensions of the church and its various accessories, make one third of a mile, covered and occupied by the immense structure. It is built of Travertine stone; the cupola is covered with lead; and so stupendous is the magnitude of the foundations, that more masonry is hidden under ground than now appears above the surface.

Such are the external proportions of St. Peter's. Let us take a still nearer view, and enter through the grand portal into the central nave. Then it is that the overwhelming burst of its majesty and matchless sublimity amazes and astounds the beholder. But even here, in consequence of the superior size of every surrounding object, the full proportions of the building, and of everything contained in it, are disguised and mistaken. It is only by comparing them, if possible, with objects of ordinary dimensions, that we

are able to catch an idea of the truth. Thus, several figures of cherubs, which support the vase of holy water at the portal, the beholder imagines to be no larger than children of six years of age, till he walks up to them, and finds that they are six feet high. So also the figures of the Evangelists, which adorn the interior of the cupola, do not appear, from beneath, larger than life; while in truth, the pen in St. Mark's hand is six feet in length. Material greatness, indeed, is relative, and the standard by which we judge of magnitude must be not only just but uniform. Hence what is great anywhere else, is insignificant at Rome.


The central nave is eighty-nine feet in breadth, and one hundred and fifty-two feet in height; and is covered with a semi-circular vault, adorned with sculptures and gilded ornaments of various descriptions. Advancing up this immense aisle, the amazing magnitude of the edifice unfolds, and develops itself to the beholder, until at length he stands beneath the vast concave of the stupendous dome, and gazes upward, through a clear uninterrupted void, to the height of the interior of four hundred feet. Then he is overpowered by the sublime emotion which descends upon him from such inconceivable glories; and he shrinks into insignificance in the presence of this noblest production of human genius.

All the allusions to Angelo's private virtues which yet remain, made by his contemporaries, convey to us the general impression of his great personal worth, and the esteem in which he was deservedly held. Benvenuto Cellini, who was one of his most ambitious and irritable contemporaries, uniformly speaks of him in his Autobiography with respect, and very frequently uses the term "divine" when alluding to him. Thus Cellini records how Angelo directed an individual to himself, when wishing to have an Atlas bearing the world made upon a medal, accompanied with handsome praises of Cellini's skill, though they both labored at times in the same department of art; and when the medal was completed, it received from Angelo the highest praise. In that age of dissoluteness and scandal, when from the pontiff down to the lowest ecclesiastic, incontinence was a frequent vice; when virtue, in both sexes, was at a low estimate, and vice held at a high premium, and abashed by little shame; at a time, especially, when artists of every

school and grade were prominent for their licentiousness and contempt of virtue, Michael Angelo's name and reputation were unsullied by any breach of purity which has descended to the knowledge of posterity. In this respect, he presents a rare and commendable example; and that the more, when we remember the license for every indulgence which his pre-eminence in art, his universal fame, his favor with the great, and his very considerable wealth, would have secured him.

There is something inexpressibly imposing and sublime in the genius, the history, and the fame of Angelo. He is one of those few men whose gigantic powers produce the emotion of awe in the breasts of their fellow-men. His greatness and grandeur, whether in conception or execution, are involved in an air of mystery and majesty, which mankind are unable to understand or analyze. There is much, indeed, that is heroic in his history and achievements. He arose at a period when the fair Genius of Art was bursting with the elastic vigor of a renewed existence from her tomb of centuries; when she began to shake off the habiliments of oblivion and the grave, and array herself in the garb of fadeless youth and beauty. He bound himself to her as the chosen object of his soul's adoration, and ascended triumphantly with her to the highest and dizziest steeps of fame; whence, in affectionate embrace, they beheld the wonder, and inhaled the incense of an admiring world. His mighty mind revelled with equal ease in every domain of art; the products of his pencil, his chisel, and his compass, are regarded with equal praise in every habitation of civilized man. His fame continually extends with the advancing strides of human culture, whereby the domains of barbarism are invaded, and new conquests are made to the dominion of reason, of genius, and of taste.

CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL.

 APHAEL painted the Cartoons for the adornment of the Vatican, under the protection of Julius II. and Leo X., and sent them to be copied in tapestry in Flanders, at that time excelling in this work; but from a variety of circumstances, great delays occurred in the completion of this process, and they

were not finished till considerably after Raphael's death, and the sacking of Rome in 1527. The originals remained neglected in the work rooms of the manufactory owing to the revolution that soon followed in the Low Countries, which put an end to all encouragement of the fine arts. The seven Cartoons in question, however, escaped the wreck of others, which are preserved in different collections abroad. Rubens bought the seven and only perfect ones for Charles I., and Cromwell afterwards pawned them to the Dutch.

Then it was that they fell into the hands of the Spaniards, when being on their passage, the galleon was captured by an English vessel, and the chests or packages in which the Cartoons were deposited (containing, for the sake of concealment, muskets, &c.) were carried to Hampton Court, and placed in one of the attic chambers or scene rooms of the Great Hall of Audience, at that time fitted up as a theatre for the entertainment of King William's Court. Sir Godfrey Kneller, the great painter of the crowned heads, having occasion for specimens of foreign military weapons to illustrate his warlike trophies, in the adornment of the palace, had recourse to this Spanish chest, as likely to afford patterns of weapons used by that nation in combat, and in his search at the bottom of the packages, he found some painted strips, which, on examination, his penetrating eye discovered to be these masterpieces of the immortal Raphael. From that moment, they have continued to be the pride and boast of the English nation, and but for this accidental circumstance, they might have remained in concealment until entirely destroyed.—*Note from Court and Times of George III.*

SONG—O ANSWERING EYES!

By Laura Elmer.

O ANSWERING eyes! O answering eyes!

I seek ye always—ever—
My way, as 'neath the midnight lies,
One wearisome endeavor,
To grope amid life's mystery;
My brain and heart both burning,
I seek ye wildly, weepingly—
I seek ye, never turning.

O answering eyes! O answering eyes!

I think on ye adoring;
O hasten—like soft stars arise,
The prayed-for light outpouring.
I'd recognize the slightest ray,
Premonitory gleaming—
O Heaven! how shades shall flit away,
When answering eyes are beaming.